

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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PAUL SEYMOUR,

PUBLISHER.

Slave Emancipation in Kentucky.

After the lapse of fifty years, the people

of Kentucky are again about to assemble

in convention, for the purpose of revising

and readjusting their constitution. With the

lights they now have, and with the aid of

that best, most reliable teacher—practical

experience—they are about to apply the

proper test to the work of their predecessors,

retaining what is good, rejecting or

altering what is bad. When those prede-

cessors framed the present constitution, ne-

gro slavery was the most exciting topic;

and felt by all to be by far the most im-

portant subject for consideration. Now again,

that institution stands prominently forth, as

of most importance, most needing revision

and the most difficult properly to readjust.

It there needed any apology, for venturing

to commune with our fellow citizens on

such a subject, it might be found in the fact,

that several gentlemen of Louisville have

been written to from various parts of the

State, urging that some initiatory step should

be taken here, towards properly presiding

the subject of emancipation for the consid-

eration and decision of the people of Ken-

tucky. We deem it every way best, that

our consultations with the friends of eman-

cipation, should be carried on publicly and

with the knowledge of the whole State. In

so doing, it may not be inappropriate to pre-

pare, that we are, most of us, native born

Kentuckians and slaveholders and all of

us, the one, or the other. This fact, in con-

nection with whatever may be afforded by

our private characters, is the guarantee we

have to offer, that we do not mean reckles-

ly to aid in agitating the State with this ex-

citing topic, and that we fully sympathize

with the just and fair against the officious

and offensive intermeddling of northern fan-

atics. A sincere participation in this feeling,

cannot be doubted, when all know, that

under the malign influence of abolitionists,

the cause of emancipation has materially re-

trograded in Kentucky within the last ten

or fifteen years, and that their acts, have

cast such a disfavor around the whole subject,

as almost to preclude an impartial, or even a

patient hearing from the people of Ken-

tucky. So viewing the condition of public

sentiment, it has been the most ultra pro-

slavery men of our State, who have urged

forward the coming convention, selecting

this as a propitious period for doing it with

impunity to their favored policy, and in the

hope of perpetuating it among us by open-

ing the door, and having it always kept open,

for the further importation of slaves. It is

they who have prematurely forced the ques-

tion upon the advocates of emancipation,

and the latter have no alternative but to

meet the issue as they may. The object of

this address is to bring about that concert of

action among the friends of emancipa-

tion which is indispensable to success, if

the issue is now to be tried, or to cause its

absolute waiver and postponement for the

present.

The framers of our constitution may have

acted right or rationally on the slave ques-

tion, according to their information and be-

lief as to its probable operation. They

thought, and according to their then expe-

rience, they had reason to suppose, that

keeping up negro slavery, was the most cer-

tain and expeditious mode of bringing to

the State the population and labor necessary

to subduing its forests and giving value to

its vast body of unimproved land. Most of

crease, whilst Indiana will have trebled,

and Ohio more than doubled her population.

It is difficult to form any estimate of the im-

migration to Kentucky in the last thirty years,

but it is believed that if the settlers in a few

of the larger towns on the Ohio river be

excluded from the estimate, the whole ac-

cession in that way, for that long period,

does not amount to more than from five

hundred to one thousand families. During

those thirty years, whilst the immense stream

of immigration has been pouring population,

wealth, mechanic and manufacturing skill

and industry into the States north of us, it

seems to have avoided Kentucky as though

she had been a land of pestilence and a tri-

stary cordon had been drawn round her

borders. Her soil and geographical posi-

tion are equal, and her climate superior to

either of those States, and for twenty years,

the average price of her land has been be-

low that of Ohio. No cause can be plau-

sibly urged for a state of things of such por-

tentous omens and warning, but that obvious

reason, which is at once suggested to every

reflecting man. Kentucky tolerates slavery

and those States do not. In 1800, 45,000

people in Ohio, started on a career of com-

petition against 220,000 people in Kentucky

for populating and enriching the most ra-

pidly, their respective States. Ohio reject-

ing the institution of negro slavery, whilst it

was retained and nourished by Kentucky.

The result has been, in less than fifty years,

that the 45,000 of Ohio have grown to a

population of two millions, and the 220,000

of Kentucky have grown to the amount of

only some 800,000, whilst the aggregate

wealth, mechanical, manufacturing and

commercial industry of the two States are

in about the same disproportion.

Nor is this all. If we compare the in-

crease of population and wealth of Kentuc-

ky for the last thirty years with that of her

south western sisters, the result is equally

to her disadvantage. Starting in 1830 on a

basis of 165,000 slaves, in 1840 they had

only increased to 182,000, and from 1840

till now they have increased to only 192,-

000, giving as the whole increase for

eighteen years, only 27,000 or some sixteen

per cent, whereas the natural increase should

have given near 100,000 or more than 60

per cent. Had Kentucky retained her natural

increase for the last thirty years, her popu-

lation in 1850 would be upwards of 1,-

300,000, instead of only 800,000.

These facts incontrovertibly prove that

the climate and agriculture of Kentuc-

ky are not suited to negro slavery, and whilst

they prevent her from prospering as a slave

State, the institution of slavery has hereto-

fore prevented and must continue to prevent

the increase of her white population, and of

that wealth and industry which ever accom-

pany an exclusively white population, and

are never found as accompaniments to negro

slavery. That Kentucky is in an unnatural

or false position, may to some minds be more

strikingly illustrated by a comparison with

her near neighbor Tennessee, over whom

she has the advantage in extent of territory,

amount of rich lands, climate and geogra-

phical position. The climate of Tennes-

see being somewhat better suited to negro

labor, she has outstripped Kentucky in both

white and slave population. From a popu-

lation of 680,000 in 1830 she increased to

830,000 in 1840, or over twenty-two per

cent, the increase in Kentucky being only

some thirteen per cent; the increase of slaves

in Tennessee was from 140,000 to 180,000

or near thirty per cent, while that of the

slaves in Kentucky for the same period, was

not eleven per cent.

These indisputable facts are worthy the

most mature consideration of the people of

Kentucky, in determining her future course

as to negro slavery. They incontrovertibly

official results however remote may be their

fruition. Though nothing can be done for

the benefit of the present generation, that

is no reason, something should not be done

for the benefit of succeeding generations.

Constitution framers, necessarily act as

much with a view to posterity as to them-

selves. This is a sacred duty which every

generation owes to its successors.

The people of Western Virginia, have

already commenced a serious movement,

with the view to obtain an amendment of

the constitution of that State, which shall

allow each county to decide for itself,

whether slavery shall be permitted within

its bounds. This, if successful, will be

followed by a similar movement in East

Tennessee, where there are very few slaves.

The comparatively smaller number of

slaves in Kentucky, the little actual need

of them, together with her geographical po-

sition, render the work of emancipation

much more easy with us, than either of

those States. It would therefore seem, that

we should lead the way, rather than wait

to follow their example, on the subject of

emancipation. Should the example of Ken-

tucky, influence those States, with Mary-

land and Missouri also, to a similar course,

the result will be of incalculable national

benefit. These five States now constitute

the great national nurseries for the growth

of slaves. If the present system is kept up

in them, the slave population of the Union,

in fifty years, will be over twelve millions.

With the mental and physical improve-

ment, the blacks will have attained in that

time, no reflecting man can doubt the dan-

ger to the whites, from such an immense

slave population; or, that self preservation

will compel the whites of that day, to thin

off the slaves with the sword. Can we, of

the present generation, with justice, entail

on posterity, such a horrible necessity; one

which shall give such a lasting stain to our

national annals? Does not an enlarged

consideration of national, as well as State

policy, require that such results should be

brought to view and kept in view, whilst ad-

justing this subject? Does it not require

from us, all that can be properly done, in

avoidance of future evils of such magnitude?

Close these five great nurseries for the pro-

pagation of slaves and we shall avoid that

evil. The subdivision of slaves among so

many owners, withdraws the females from

field labor, secures their marriage, affords

the sick and infants proper care, and

thus renders those States such prolific nur-

series. Where slaves are held in large

gangs and the females subject to field labor

they do not propagate near so fast. It is

said that in Louisiana among the Creole

planters, propagation is not near sufficient

to keep up the number of slaves. The

southern States if left to their own natural

increase would not double their slaves in

fifty years.

There is among ourselves, great diver-

sity of opinion, as to the proper remedy for

slavery, as also in regard to the time and

mode of its application. The same diver-

sity of opinion no doubt prevails throughout

the State. But, from the best information

we can obtain, we are well convinced, that

a very gradual prospective emancipation, is

all that the people of Kentucky will con-

sent to. To obtain even that much, we are

equally convinced, that the slaveholders must

be perfectly satisfied, that the friends of em-

ancipation aim at nothing more. Most of us

also think, that not merely a deference to

the public will, but sound policy and justice

require, the proposed reformation to be so

confined.

To obtain concert of action, we propose

that a convention be held, some time next

spring—say the first Monday in April,

of delegates from the friends of emancipa-

tion, that whenever it commenced, it might

be accompanied with a system of African

Colonisation, which would remove the

blacks from Kentucky as fast as they were

emancipated. This is to be desired if it

be practicable to accomplish it.

But the principal anxiety felt in favor of

colonization is probably owing to a very ex-

aggerated estimate of the evils to be felt from

having a free black population. If the

whole of the slaves, near two hundred

thousand, were now to be set free and remain

among us with our present white population

of only 600,000, the grievance would not

doubt be very heavy. But fifty years hence,

when the proposed plan shall take effect,

according to fair calculation we shall have

a white population of two millions, whilst

the blacks if they all remain here, will

not much exceed two hundred thousand; and

certainly not amount to more than three

hundred thousand. The largest of these

numbers, with their previous training for

freedom, will not be a very heavy burthen

to a white population of two millions. But

neither the whole, nor the half of them

will remain in

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Friendly Distance.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Thou shalt not bleed me, thievish Time,
Of all my blood, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou may'st denude my arm of strength,
And leave my temples seam'd and bare;
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,
And scatter silver o'er my hair;

But never, while a book remains,
And breathes a woman or a child,
Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,
Of feelings fierce and undelighted.

No, never, while the earth is fair,
And reason keeps its dial bright,
Whate'er thy robbery, oh Time,
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories on my frame,
Thou canst not cheat me of this truth—
That though the limbs may fade and fail
The spirit can renew its youth.

So, thievish Time, I fear thee not—
Thou'rt powerless on this heart of mine;
My jewels shall belong to me,
Tis but the settings that art thine.

Picture of Manners in England in the Time of James II.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Laud had exerted himself to effect a change; and Charles the First had repeatedly issued positive orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains. But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the domination of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England could obtain bread and shelter only by attaching themselves to the households of royalist gentlemen; and the habits which had been formed in those times of trouble continued long after the re-establishment of monarchy and episcopacy.

In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentleman. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table, by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and two pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he carried the coach horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tart and the cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

Perhaps, after some years of service, he was presented to a living sufficient to support him: but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of pleasantry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favor. Indeed, the nature of the matrimonial connexions which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming, is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles the Second, complained bitterly, not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honorable family was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders, and that, if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour. Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill-will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines. A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as the head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress. During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and hand-maidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook. Even so late as the time of George the Second, the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward.

In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife, found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in family enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his gleebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the adown of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation.

The Squire at Home.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbage and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous. For beer then, was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentleman to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were, in tastes and acquisitions, below a housekeeper or a stillroom maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marmalades, and made the crust for the venison pasty.

When the lord of Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the Lord Mayor's show. Money droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest friend, when he had been seen. Painted gentlemen, the refuse of Leekward Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to St. James', his informant sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops, and the grave waggers of templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his manor, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he once more felt himself a great man, and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord lieutenant.

Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head quarters. There were houses near St. James' Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wig, not less simple than those which are now worn by the chancelor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco, in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly, and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in gen-

eral, the coffee room reeked with tobacco like a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should lounge their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was open to polite letters. There, the talk was about political justice and the utility of place and time. There was a faction for Perault and the moderns, a faction for Boulton and the ancients. One group debated whether Paradise Lost ought not to have been in rhyme. To another, an envious poetaster demonstrated that Venice Preserved ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, early in stars and garters, clerical men in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, in the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were puritan coffee houses, where no oath was heard, and where rank-bred men discussed election and reprobation through their noses. Jew coffee houses, where dark eyed men changed each other; and Popish coffee houses, where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

Master Humphrey and Little Nell. Mr. Dickens, in his new preface to 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' speaks with regret for the sacrificed Master Humphrey and other machinery of his book adventure, and pays a delicate tribute to Thomas Hood, who led the way with the public to the appreciation of 'Little Nell.'

'I caused the few sheets of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' which had been printed in connexion with it, to be cancelled; and, like the unfinished tale of the windy night and the notary, in 'The Sentimental Journey,' they became the property of the trunkmaker and the butter-man. I was especially unwilling, I confess, to enrich those respectable trades with the opening paper of the abandoned design, in which 'Master Humphrey' described himself and his manner of life. Though I now affect to make the confession philosophically, as referring to a by-gone emotion, I am conscious that my pen wages a little even while I write these words. But it was done, and wisely done, and 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' as originally constructed, became one of the lost books of the earth—which, we all know, are far more precious than any that can be read for love or money.

In reference to the tale itself, I desire to say very little here. The many friends it has won me, and the many hearts it has turned to me when they have been full of private sorrow, invest it with an interest, in my mind, which is not a public one, and the rightful place of which appears to be a more removed ground.

I will merely observe, therefore, that, in writing the book, I had always in my fancy to surround the lonely figure of the child with grotesque and wild, though not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions, associates as strange and incongruous as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first foreshadowed.

I have a mournful pride in one recollection associated with 'Little Nell.' While she was yet upon her wanderings, not then concluded, there appeared in a literary journal, an essay of which she was the principal theme, so earnestly, so eloquently, and tenderly appreciative of her, and of all her shadowy kind and kin, that it would have been inextinguishable in me, if I could have read it without an unusual glow of pleasure and encouragement. Long afterwards, and when I had come to know him well, and to see him, stout of heart, going slowly down into his grave, I knew the writer of that essay to be THOMAS HOOD. —Literary World.

True Life. The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace around the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of health; to make reason our book-keeper and turn thought into implements of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber, which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence: the heart of mirth which vibrates through the heart—the tears which freshen the dry wastes within—the music which brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardships that force us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—these are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Impulse. Men are called impulsive, are much slandered. Are not the most noble, generous actions, which adorn the annals of the world, referable to this agent? Reason is even exalted above impulse; but how fallible is reason? Is it not often opposed to faith, and does it not lead to the most dangerous errors? So far as the boundaries of our experience extend, warm impulse has prompted more good deeds than cold reason. We would sooner trust that man, in whose breast glows the fire of enthusiasm, than him who, cool and collected at all times, seldom acts without suspicion, and often deliberates till the hour of advantage has passed. Faults, committed without reflection, are certainly more venial than premeditated sin. He who hastily repents sincerely, but the wrong done upon calculation is never willingly repaired. Would that society were more lenient to impulse! Even when productive of harm, it is unselfish, and the consequences to which it leads are hurtful to no one so much as to its possessor. Pity is no stranger to the impulsive man, and not seldom do the tears of sympathy fall from his eyes. To friendship he is faithful, and for love he would sacrifice both interest and worldly esteem. Let us be compassionate therefore, to the errors of impulse, while we respect the calm dictates of caution and prudence.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, or philosophers. Everywhere we see but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, and sometimes brilliancy of acquirements—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to soar to commanding heights. Where is there now any great scholar; where a Shakespeare, Milton, Scott; where a John Keble, where a Newton; where anybody in the superlative? The days even of Bonapartes are gone! Ample scope is there for usurpation; but we look in vain for a Usurper! The hour is come; but where is the man?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated *pro* and *con*. Much may be said on both sides, without any decided preponderance one way or another. In the first place it will not escape observation, that the alleged scarcity of great men is very much caused by a general advance throughout society. For one great writer in a period of literary darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively exercising their pens. For one artist of inapproachable excellence, we have thousands, who can at least please us with their productions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to philosophic pursuits, each poring on the face of Nature, and occasionally disclosing new and interesting features. If no man towers over his fellows, it may be because all have to climb higher than the great men of former times did, in order to be conspicuous. Where discovery has been pushed to its limits, we cannot reasonably expect to have any more discoverers. There are mariners of as ardent temperament as Columbus, and as willing to encounter dangers, but in what direction can these longings be in quest of a new continent? In maritime discovery, as in many other fields, the work is pretty nearly done. America, the solar system, the principle of gravitation, the laws of chemical affinity, the balloon, the steam engine, and a thousand other things, can be discovered only once. If physical science has not got to the end of its tether, all within the circuit of the tether has been gleaned so marvellously bare, that in these latter days we are left comparatively little to pick up. Lucky fellows, those Newtons, Keplers, Columboes, and Watts.

True in one sense; but let us not be led away by a prevalent tendency to exaggerate the glories of past times, and despise the present. After making certain allowances as to the absence of such commanding intellects as that of Shakespeare—a man not for a day, but for all time—it may be fairly questioned if there ever was any period of the world's history which so abounded in men eminent for their talents, respectability for their aims and acquisitions. For anything we can tell, the discoveries to be made by these men and their successors may be as grand as those of Newton, as useful as those of Watt. Great as has been our advance, we are to all appearance, only on the threshold of knowledge. All things seem to prognosticate that in a century hence, we shall be looked back to as pioneers in the arts—"gatherers of pebbles on the shore." The discoveries, the inventions, the researches of the passing hour are all calculated to convince us that there yet remains a field of inquiry, which appears the more boundless as we advance. But, setting aside any such hypothesis, and taking matters only as they are, we would be inclined to speak of the present age as relatively anything but contemptible, either in arts or learning. That the individuals who excel do not rise into a distinguished pre-eminence, is accounted for by the fact, a fact become proverbial—"that the world does not know its great men," at least not till it has lost them. As no man is great in his valet-de-chambre, so no man is thought much of who may be seen any day walking in the public thoroughfares. It is only when he is dead and buried, and no longer takes a part in common-place concerns, that his merits are understood and appreciated. Washington, in the midst of his mighty struggles, was aggrieved by a thousand detractors. Priestly, whom we are now in the habit of looking back to as a great man, was very far from being considered great while he lived. Chased from his home by a fanatical mob, and coldly sympathized with by men of learning, he died an exile from the country which was unworthy of him. It would be telling a twenty-times told tale to go over the histories of "great authors" from Homer downwards, who were treated not in the handsomest manner while they were living and pouring forth their deathless effusions. Unfortunately for men who in some way distinguish themselves in literature, arts, philosophy, or statesmanship, they are usually judged of while alive, not exclusively in reference to their services or labors, but to a large extent in subordination to professional and other party views. In Great Britain, a native has much less chance of gaining celebrity for his discoveries in science, or his excellence in art, than a foreigner. Had Liebig been a professor in a London instead of a German University, he would scarcely have been listened to with the patience and respect he has been. We should not only have been too familiar with his name and person, but he would have been jealous of his reputation. It is a totally different thing when we have to investigate the pretensions of a man who lives a thousand miles off. He is, then, as respects our own affairs, as good as dead, and is not likely to trouble us. One can make nothing by condemning him, while it is quite safe to praise him; and in his case afford to be magnanimously impartial. No man receives such numerous and cordial testimonials of his high claims to consideration, as he who is going to quit the scene of his labors. Enemies hasten to swear to him an everlasting friendship. Rivals weep bitter tears that they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wallings on such occasions are ever put to good interest. We all know how to be generous when the generous places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this, all have small prejudices to cherish, and it is not usual to speak with respect of a person who in any way deranges the complacency of foregone conclusions. The outer world, in a state of a happy innocence, imagines that the learned, so-called, are worshippers at the shrine of Truth. Alas! how few are there who are not followers of idols. Each has his cherished fancy, which he feels bound to combat for in all circumstances, and we to the man who audaciously brings distrust on his opinions! While motives so ungracious, and less creditable nature, are permitted to influence the judgment, can we be surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which we ordinarily call "great?" If in the present age there be any partic-

ular impediment to the rise of great men, it may be said to consist in a widely diffused taste for, and habit of criticism, the occasional unjudging severity of which has unfortunately the effect of repressing talent unsupported by ambition. If there be no great statesmen, have the public generally labored to raise men into power in whom they can place unqualified confidence? Perhaps the critics are more faulty than the criticised. In the United States, as we are informed, the more enlightened portion of the community, from a regard for their own feelings, take no part in politics, and studiously keep out of place. And in our own country, it is pretty obvious that on similar grounds, the "best men" systematically refuse to come forward as candidates for office. An upright man, with no selfish purpose in view, does not choose to expose himself to obloquy, or to have his services paid in public ingratitude. Thus a people may lose something by being too quick-sighted in detecting errors. A charitable consideration of human infirmities has more than Christian duty to recommend it: it is the soundest policy.

So much for the general influences which tend to repress the growth of "great men." Let it, however, again be remembered, that in very many instances the check on greatness is independent of external circumstances. No individual can expect to travel on the path to fame without getting rubs by the way. The more prominent a man becomes, the more he is exposed to challenge; and it would be well for him not to mistake the cavillings of the envious, or the morbid grumblings of the habitually discontented, for the expression of a healthful and general opinion. The satisfied say nothing; it is only the braver and busier—who make themselves heard. Besides—and here, perhaps, is the pith of the whole matter—do the great in skill and intellect always conduct themselves in a way to disarm jealousy, and secure approbation? How frequently men of talent, yielding themselves up to the petty impulses of a restless temperament, are observed to destroy the reputation which admirers are willing to accord, and to which even enemies could not properly, for any length of time, present a feasible opposition. In such cases, the would-be-great man is less judged of by his talents than his failings. Great in science, literature or art, he is, perhaps, infirm in temper, selfish in indulgence, weak in resolution, imperfect in his moral sense. The world may be captious, neglectful; much grievous wrong may sometimes be a consequence of unworthy jealousies; but on the whole, a man's chief enemy is himself. When Horace Vermet refused admittance to an exhibition in the Louvre, did he fly into a passion, and go and kill himself as an ill-used man? No. Exhibited his productions elsewhere, and lived to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking by others besides artists. We repeat an advice formerly offered—NEVER COMPLAIN; the world flies from ill-used men. Go on, true soul! faint not in doing the work before thee; but do it quietly, and leave the rest to Him who overshadows us with the wings of His Providence. Remember that the small oppressions of coteries are but transient, and act with slight effect on the truly great—great in sentiment as well as intellect. We are each of us on trial, and if conscious of tribulation, need not fear the verdict of the tribunal.

Beautifully Expressed. No man, however degraded, is utterly beyond reformation. Beautifully how Whittier, in one of his poems, expressed this truth: "As on the White Sea's charmed shore, The Parson seen his holy light With dunnet smoke-clouds curtain'd o'er, Yet knows beneath them evermore, The low pale fire is quivering still; So underneath its clouds of sin, The heart of man retaineth yet, Gleams of his holy origin; And half-quenched stars that never set, Dim color of the faded light. And early beauty finger there, And o'er its wasted desert bloom, Faint breathings of its morning air. Oh! never yet upon the scroll Of the six-stained but precious soul, Hath heaven inscribed 'Despair!' Cast not the clouded gem away, Quench not the living but dim ray—My brother man, beware! With that deep voice which from the skies Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice, God's angel cries, 'Forbear!'"

Learned Parrot. A very remarkable instance is related of a parrot belonging to Mr. Braham of Brompton, which was presented to him by a lady who had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. This gentleman had a friend to dine with him one day, and after dinner a pause having ensued in the conversation, the guest was startled by a voice proceeding from one corner of the room, calling out in a strong, hearty manner, "Come, Braham, give us song." Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated, and not granted, the parrot struck up the first verse of "God save the King," in a clear, warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sung it through. The ease with which this bird was taught, was equally surprising as the performance. The same lady taught it to accost Madame Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, that it so learned her that she nearly fell from her chair. On its commencing "Rule Britannia," in a loud and intrepid tone, the enchantress fell on her knees before the bird, expressing in terms of delight her admiration of its talents.

This parrot has only been equalled in talents by one owned by Colonel O'Kelly, of London. Once upon being asked to sing, it replied, *I never sing on a Sunday.* "Never mind that, Poll," the Colonel would say, "come give us a song." *No, excuse me, I have got a cold, it would reply. Don't you hear how hoarse I am?* This extraordinary bird could perform the verses entire of "God save the King," words and music, from beginning to end.

When the Colonel and his parrot were at Brighton one time, the bird was asked to sing; it answered, *I can't.* Another time it left off in the middle of a tune, and said, *I have forgot.* Colonel O'Kelly continued the tune for a few notes, and the parrot took it up where the Colonel had left off. "The parrot took the bottom of a lady's frock, and said, *What a pretty foot!* The parrot seeing the family at breakfast, said, *Won't you have some breakfast, Poll?* The company mopped it a good deal, and it said, *I don't like it.* It would ask for all that it wanted, and apparently with reason. It was purchased at Bristol for 100 guineas. Some persons who were desirous of exhibiting it publicly offered the Colonel 100 guineas a year for the use of it, but he was too much attached to accept the offer. Its death was announced in the London Gazette of the 9th of October, 1802. It was dissected by Messrs. Kennedy and Brooks, who found the muscles of the larynx, which regulate the voice, considerably enlarged by exercise.

Every administration in the world—whether it be the executive of the State, or a corporation board, or a committee, or an individual "dressed in a little bit of authority," has a greater or less store of dilatory phrases to which recourse is had for the purpose of answering urgent applications, putting off the impatient, satisfying the clamorous, and giving to all petitioners the impression of unceasing labor in their cause. At the head of these phrases for answering every thing and everybody, the sentence surely deserves to be placed, "Your business is under consideration." Admirable phrase! admirable for the very vagueness of its definiteness and the very definiteness of its vagueness. Laconic, too! as brief as could possibly be desired. It is eminently an administrative phrase. Unparalleled in its applicability, it adapts itself to everything—furnishes a full reply in itself, or an admirable backing to an objection or excuse—accounts for the most protracted delay in any kind of business under the sun—is an answer to every question, and the only answer to some questions. All committee-rooms echo with it—all council chambers resound with it. It is a sentence, in short, which should be engraved upon the thresholds of all government offices and the seats of all government officials, in order that, should the latter be absent, and the former closed, the anxious applicant need not call again for the answer he will most assuredly receive.

But the more closely we examine the full bearing and import of this combination of words, the more admirable it must appear to us. An individual inquires, "How is my business going on?" and I, an official, where or other, reply, "It is under consideration." "Under consideration?" Observe the satisfactory ambiguity of the words. Had I said, "under my consideration," or "under any one's consideration," I should have reduced it at once to the value of the unit; but now, not only am I included, but everybody else who works with me: the entire body of which I am a member, are clearly designated. There is nothing whatever to prevent your imagining the heads of government engaged in the matter; the applicant, if a novice, of course concludes it at once to be so, and pictures to himself the whole administration engrossed by his memorial, employed upon the means of redressing his grievance, or granting his petition. What can satisfy him if he is not content with every wheel of government turning for him, and for him alone?

"Under consideration." You are not left a word to say: objection you can make none. Had you been told, "It has been considered," you might naturally have asked, "What was the decision?" Or had it been said, "It will be considered," you might request, with all due humility, to be informed at what period it was thought possible it might come to your turn to engage the attention of the body to whom your business has been submitted. But it is quite another matter now. The words are, "It is under consideration;" that is to say, at this very moment every effort is being made to do you full justice, every energy is put forth, every nerve strung in your behalf; the attention of every one is riveted upon you, and you alone. What more would you have? You stand, with open mouth, completely arrested, fixed to the spot by this answer, unable to articulate more at the very utmost than an "Ah!"—a little prolonged, it may be—and you can but bow politely and retire, as fully satisfied as your temperament or knowledge of the intrinsic value of words permits you to be.

"Under consideration." You may have these words repeated to you for twenty years successively; but with what show of reason can you complain of the cool, cautious, deliberate inquiry into every circumstance of your case, or of the length of time employed in the investigation of your business? What is it you want? That it should be "considered." Well, and have you not been told that this is precisely what is doing? You have absolutely nothing left to say. If not completed sooner, it is because it is impossible to proceed more rapidly in doing the thing well. Surely you would not have it slurred over. And you cannot, in conscience, require that your case should be considered other than *always*.

Most valuable phrase! What tiresome circumlocutions, what troublesome explanations, what framing of excuses, are spared by it to authorities in general! Officials may slumber as sweetly on these few words, as in an easy-chair. The phrase is the very otoman of power, the downy pillow of bureaucracy, whence it may meet every proposal of amelioration, every expectation of improvement, every desire for a new order of things by a few words—the true talisman of states quo—*"It is under consideration."*

And now that it has been itself "under consideration," who will not thank me for having made this feeble effort to hold up a phrase playing so important a part in parliamentary proceedings to the enthusiastic admiration and gratitude of those who make use of it? I write not for the ingrates who are unreasonable enough to feel indignation at its being addressed to themselves.

The following extract is from the "Marriage Looking-Glass," a new book in the press of JAS. MURRAY & CO., Boston.

"Mr. Thomas Day, the well known author of 'Sanford and Merton,' and a gentleman of unbounded benevolence and the strictest honor, indulged in the widest ideas respecting marriage. At the time of his father's death, from whom he received considerable property, he was only thirteen months old. When he arrived at years of discretion, he came to the determination of forming his character after the antique model of the most virtuous among the Greeks and Romans, scorning to adopt the prevailing fashion of wearing powder, &c. Yet, surprising as it may be, the principles he adopted in early youth, became the rule from which he never swerved in after life.

"Having paid his addresses, when very young, to a somewhat flighty lady, who rejected him, he received a strong antipathy to the then mode of female education, and formed the romantic resolve of training a young damsel to his own taste. According to the narrative, she was to be simple as a mountain girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.

"So soon as he became of age, he visited the hospital for foundling girls at Shrewsbury, and having given ample testimonials of his moral conduct, and the most satisfactory security for their future provision, he was permitted to select two little girls, with the intention of educating them after his own fashion, and marrying the one who should prove the most successful in gaining his esteem and affection. They were both beautiful; the one he called Lucretia—the brunette, Sabrina. The more quietly to pursue his own plans, he removed to France, where, during their sickness, and

In consequence of his not having taken an English servant with him, he was frequently compelled to perform the part of a nurse or domestic to his young charge. He returned to England, and was glad enough to find himself Lucretia, by placing her "Sabrina" was now to be taught the virtues of Arris, Portia, Cornelia; to be imbued with stoic indifference to pain and fear.

"But, alas! the bud of promise broke upon the trial. When melted wax was dropped upon her naked arms, she flinched and wept; when she was fired at with pistols, she started and screamed.

"Yet, the worst remains to be told. She conceived a strong dislike to study, and was utterly incapable of keeping a secret. All decency, by way of trial, were revealed as inviolable secrets by her to her playmates, and, as might be supposed, rapidly found their way back again to the ears of the amiable, but fanatical patron. He was now, therefore, as happy to part with Sabrina, as he had previously been to dispossess himself of Lucretia. After other severe disappointments, he met with a lady of rank, fortune, age, and education, similar to his own. She pardoned his eccentricities for the sake of his sterling virtues; and so great was their conjugal happiness, that after his premature death, the result of a kick from a colt, which he was training in a style similar to the discipline he practised upon Sabrina, his lady refused again to behold the light. At midnight, when the gloom was congenial to her sorrows, she rambled about her neglected grounds, and at the expiration of two years, died of a broken heart!"

Are Old Birds to be Caught with Tender. Many specious maxims have obtained general credence in the world which are in reality false. Among these is the saying that 'old birds are not to be caught with chaff.' Whereas the fact often is that the older the bird, the more he flatters himself that he is worth catching. He is easily caught where he is worth while; but you have caught nothing, perhaps, when you have got him. Chaff is too valuable, too precious, to be expended wastefully; and because you are not so silly as to throw powder away, he conceives himself to be a proof. As nobody tries to catch him, he fondly persuades himself that his own exceeding cunning secures him from capture. Take me if you can, chirps he, and goes dodging about the woods, as though a flock of golden vultures were pursuing him. He is quite safe. He has not the felicity of being in peril. The young condor, pressed even by vulgar appetite, will not do him the honor of dining upon him. His toughness and antiquity are sure safeguards. He is only not captured, because there is nothing captivating about him. But if, by any chance, he hath a tail-feather fit for plucking, or a bone worthy the distinction of being picked, then is your old bird in imminent danger, for you may catch him when you like with half a pinch of chaff. The tender foxling, who never tasted chicken of his own stealing, shall take him without a ruffle of his plumage—only by pronouncing its dingy brown to be rich crimson.

What flocks of old birds flutter about society, all sure that they never shall be caged, and all safe until a lure is laid for them! But the longer they live, the less chance have they of avoiding the trap. The older they grow, the slenderer the means of escape. The starved matron is fain to put faith in the compliment which, in her day of youth and grace, she knew to be nonsense. She is now only half-handsome, and can no longer afford to think her eyes less brilliant than she is told they are. She must make up by exaggerating what is left, for the loss of what is gone. She is not now in a condition to call a fine remark rank flattery; she is obliged to believe in self-defence. If her mirror will not admit of this, she has other resources; she has sage counsel, admirable judgment, perfect knowledge of the world. Admire these, and with a dignity which you call Siddonian, she confesses that she is yours. You have only to convert the compliment to her beauty at twenty, into a tribute to her sagacity at fifty-five. Tell her she is not to be imposed upon, and you impose upon her effectually. Admire her penetration, and you will not find her impenetrable.—Dr. Wayland.

Time for Reading. "If I were to pray for a taste," says Sir John Herschell, "which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things may go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher offices, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles; but, as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest and witliest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity; you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible, but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the least effective because it works insensibly, and because it is the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up, than in the words of the Latin Poet;—*Enallitur morae nec sinit esse ferus*. It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

We seek advice from others, offend them, not because we do not know what we ought to do, but because we do know, and we seek in our advisers a help for a weak will.—Richter.

"Advice," says Coleridge, "is like snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind."

Modesty is the only sure bait if you angle for praise.

It is difficult to descend with grace without seeming to fall.—Blair.

*Richard, Countess of the Countess of the Clergy. Oldham, Nature has been about to leave the University of Oxford, 1802. That the English clergy were a low, born class, is mentioned in the Travels of the Grand Duke of Russia.

*Fletcher and Abigail in Fletcher's Scornful Lady. Bull North and the Nurse in Vanbrugh's Relapse. Benick and Susan in Shadwell's Lancashire Witches, are instances.

*John's Directions to Servants.